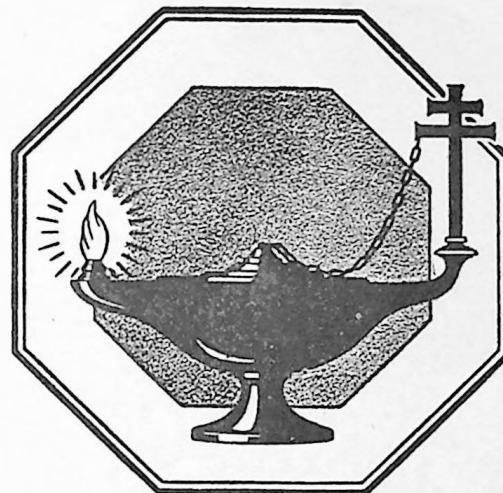


TOC H JOURNAL



SEPTEMBER—MCMXLIV

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THREEPENCE



THE 'BEER GARDEN' AT TOC H, ELEPHANT POINT, BURMA.

On the dazzling beach, where the Burmese jungle runs down to the Bay of Bengal, Toc H planted a Rest Camp. ELEPHANT POINT was a surprise to the troops, officers and men sent there in batches straight from the jungle-fighting. For they had not expected anything of the kind—with its good food and rest and recreation, its beds with clean sheets—so near the front line (see an illustrated booklet, 'Toc H Keeps Open House in Burma,' published by Headquarters). This Camp, washed out by the monsoon, has now been replaced by TALBOT HOUSE, MAUNGDAW, farther up the coast (see page 142). This picture of the 'Beer Garden' (without beer) was taken by CECIL BEATON, working for the Ministry of Information.

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SMALL BOYS AT SEA

SMALL boys may have no nerves; but it is stupid to count upon their freedom from fear as invariable, and it would take a lot to convince fathers who know the sea in wartime that the place is wholesome or appropriate for the immature. Yet there they are, discharged or run away or actually by their own inexperienced preference to land affairs, of which they have already seen too much.

Off Reykjavik, I met in '41 a memorable Whale-Factory badly mauled, but making her way south-east at two knots, all that was left her of her peace-time pace. Her deck, covered with bombers bought from U.S.A., was lifted up, for one of the torpedoes exploded in the "factory" itself, where the carcass of the caught whale is normally disintegrated. Her complement consisted of Norwegian officers and a handful of experienced men of that race, to whom were added in a war-apprenticeship seventy boys 15-17, who had somehow been put on board for the round trip. They hailed from Liverpool. The trip had been exciting from the start, and on the home run they had caught their packet. But the boys seemed proud more than alarmed.

Possibly, at that age, the boy recovers faster than when he reaches his full manhood. The veteran Norwegian skipper told me he asked no better hands than they had proved. But there is little reason to believe that boys enjoy excitement of this nature at any cost; they are not so inhuman. And an old Chief, sunk on the Murmansk run, and rescued after three hours of immersion, told me of a ship's boy who was saved with him. Having taken to the water, ice-cold but fairly smooth, the Chief was swimming rather hopelessly. His belt was torn in leaving the ship's side, and would not give him adequate

support. Dark was at hand; but through the gathering gloom he heard beyond his sight a shipmate singing. The chosen song was mainly the refrain of "Blaydon Races," which did not surprise him; for he and most of the ship's company came, like the lost ship, out of Newcastle, and "Blaydon Races" was their favourite song. Who was the singer? Who could be so happy—possibly on a raft—as to narrate to the dark death now closing in on them the glories of that Northumbrian event? The Chief, who told me this in his own way, then swam towards the voice. There he discovered the ship's small boy, almost a human mascot, seated inside a ship's old-fashioned life-buoy, his feet in the water on one side and the small of his back against the opposite portion of the inner ring. Balanced upon his lap was a small "ditty box," of which he was throughout the voyage inordinately proud—apart from clothes it held all he possessed. The boy was little over fifteen years of age and stunted in his growth; he had been reared in an Institution and had no family. The ship had been his first real home. He had known happiness, yes, even on the Murmansk run in her. But now that run was over. Most of his friends had gone down with the ship. How could he find the spirit for a song? Covered with fuel oil, which was at least some protection against the numbing cold, the Chief peered up at the little figure in the life-buoy. "Billy," he spluttered almost angrily, "how can you sing? Not much to sing about!" Billy said, "Hang on, Chiefy—she'll take two. You see its like this. If I don't sing I'd cry. So I'm just singing. Come on, Chiefy, join." And when found, it was "Blaydon Races" which some one in the rescue boat swore he had heard, coming out of the dark.

TUBBY.

YOUNG WORLD—1. This Youth Business

Every Toc H member realises the vital connection between our young Movement and the Youth around him. The service of youth will always be one of our essential 'jobs'; the recruitment of youth is the life-blood of our own units; the future of youth is the future of the world we work in. The Central Executive, recognising this, has recently appointed a Youth Sub-committee, a note on which appears at the end of this article. The article, by Padre HERBERT LEGGATE, opens a series we intend to publish during the coming months.

I WONDER what a visitor from another planet would think of 'this youth business.' Consider the phrases he would hear bandied about—"Youth must be safeguarded"; "Youth will safeguard the future"; "Youth is in peril"; "Youth must serve." What is youth, he would wonder? Is it a virus that can poison or is it a vitamin that can strengthen? Is it a disease or a quality or some special form of breeding? Where does it come from? Where does it go to? What use is it? Obviously, it is something which needs special treatment. There are clubs and societies which have it always under observation. There are men and women and movements who devote themselves entirely to what they call "shaping" it. Yet all people have at one time been included under the label 'youth.' However miserable they were then, most people say it was the happiest time of their lives. When they were young, they detested those who sought to make them good; now they are older many of them in their turn are anxious to improve youth. They say lugubriously, "Youth is not what it was when we were young." Professional, mental and spiritual uplifters spend themselves in the work of administering carefully prepared doses to those who 'are' or 'have got' youth. It would be very bewildering to our visitor from another world.

There, I feel better now! I can now swell the ranks of those who write about 'this youth business.'

Those who seek to help youth often make a negative approach. They make all the exciting things appear to be reprehensible and all commendable things dull. Even Heaven seems to involve a distressing colour scheme and more music than many young folk desire. Normally, young people feel that life

is tamer than they are. Many hope that war will step things up a bit. For thousands joining up seems the quickest way out of boredom. That is one reason why the pits do not draw young folk as the Services do. There is neither romance nor glamour about work in the pits.

If Toc H is to pass on to succeeding generations traditions of fellowship and service, it will have to avoid giving the impression that its aim is uplift. Traditions cannot be tacked on. They must be born anew and so enriched. Such traditions as fellowship and service can only be born under the conditions of a great and all-compelling enterprise. Jesus called young men into the Kingdom of God and set them to storm the gates of hell. We must find out how to make this aim vivid enough to catch the imagination of youth. It is not my purpose in this article to suggest how this can be done. I am concerned here to make some general suggestions to those who want to be busy with the future of young people. Here goes then!

John Smith's Way

Do not rob young people of their youth by making of them rubber stamp imitations of other people, however worthy those other people may be. It has taken millions of years to make John Smith possible. It is absurd so to treat John Smith as to cause him to contribute to the world a mere echo of someone else. This is one way in which we impoverish the world. We can see the results of such "conditioning" in the youth of Germany. I do not think that the results would be much less terrible if the "conditioning" were done by the democracies with their more enlightened outlook. Regimentation of youth by the right or the left, by the Church or the secularists, is a blasphemy.

We must not be concerned primarily with indoctrinating young people with our own view of life. They have a right to the best material, mental and spiritual atmosphere that can be provided. They must, however, be allowed to react to it in their own way. It may not be our way. If we are able to make the best books, pictures and music available for them, that is good. If we are able to share with them some skill in craftsmanship or athletics, that also is good. If we try forcible feeding with these good things, it will only do harm. One excellent thing we can do is to bring into their environment interesting people. If any men or women who have achieved much that is good for the world come our way, we ought not to waste their society on older folk. Wherever possible we should bring youngsters into contact with them. The great thing to aim at is the provision of opportunities for exploring this thrilling world, the wonder of which ought to be a never-ending joy.

I am fearful when I hear moralists urging that young people should be kept busy in order to keep them out of mischief, or making plans, the aim of which is merely to keep them off the streets. The streets can be streets of romance and adventure, which need not be evil, whilst the youth club can just as easily be a place of peril. Bogey-man instruction is futile. If there are monsters of evil abroad and we wish to open the eyes of our young people to this fact, we had better keep silent unless we can do it without getting emotionally excited. We can give to the bogey additional fascination by the mere process of working too hard to deliver young people from its snares.

They must be allowed space in which to move freely and time which is their own. Young people's colleges and clubs, educational projects and moral training seem likely to leave little time for young people to experience either leisure or home life. The first all could and ought to have, and all would benefit were the second possible. I believe that God set men to dwell in families so that through home life they might come to an understanding of His purpose for the world.

Synthetic substitutes for the home are a second best. What, then, can Toc H do in a world which seems for a while to be committed to the second best? Its membership can provide leaders for youth work who will have a real reverence for the personality of young people. The natural goal of youth is reception into adult society on equal terms. We ought, therefore, to recognise this as an aim of our youth work. It is better to treat young people as adults before their time than to affront them by treating them as youngsters when they know themselves to be adults. Still more dangerous is it to make older youngsters "kings amongst the kids" to such an extent that they neither wish nor have the time to seek adult society. Youth movements have amongst their leaders many who have never become adults.

Windows in the Mind

Happy are those who can stretch the minds of young people without giving them the feeling that they are being improved. To quicken the appetite and place food within reach is the way of wisdom. Happy are the men and women who can place windows in the minds of young people through which new and attractive worlds can be seen that call them to set out in quest. The goal of all our effort ought to be to keep young people stingly alive in a mechanical world which threatens to change them into efficient automatons. What a reflection on our world it is that so many young people are bored with life and without expectation. Manhood cannot exist where curiosity or appetite for new experience is dead. The power to choose, to distinguish between the true and the false, between propaganda and fact, must be developed. It can only be developed by being exercised. Thus domination, however kindly exercised and by however good a person or movement, is harmful. Wise parents, however anxious they may feel, do not shut their children off from all risk. They know that whilst through risk their children may develop judgment, without risk they can never become robust and self-reliant. Young people must have room to make mis-

takes and must be allowed to make them. Some safeguards may be necessary but the safeguarding of youth ought to be undertaken by older people only with regret and self-suspicion.

Let me sum up. Youth must be given room and the right to live. It must be provided with zones of security in which it can find refuge if it so desires. Ideally, the home ought to be such a zone. A Toc H member can be one alongside to help or shelter if required. A small community, such as a Toc

H Group or a youth club, can fulfil the same purpose. The function of such havens is to give a sense of security in the presence of freedom; to provide opportunity for experience and to give a sense of responsibility towards God and man. In a word, such havens ought to help develop in a youth a growing and healthy sense of his own significance in the scheme of things. If our youth work helps towards such ends, then, indeed, our labours will not be in vain.

HERBERT LEGGATE.

A NOTE.

The Central Executive has appointed a Youth Service Committee with the following terms of reference :—

- (a) to advise and assist Regions and Areas in matters relating to the obligation to "transmit to future generations" the ideals of Toc H.
- (b) to encourage the maintenance and development of links between Toc H and schools and youth organisations.
- (c) to maintain contact with Toc H Women's Section in respect of their work with Girls' Schools, clubs, etc., and to co-ordinate activities with them in relation to mixed youth clubs.
- (d) to collaborate with the appropriate voluntary and statutory bodies in stimulating the supply of Christian leaders to work in the service of youth both from within Toc H and from men and women who have come into touch with Toc H through Services Clubs, Services teams and in other ways.
- (e) to foster understanding between young people of all nations.

The Committee wishes to be regarded as a team of men and women (it is a mixed committee) anxious to advise and help in any way possible in all matters relating to the service of youth. It is concerned to stimulate a two-way traffic—of boys and girls from schools and youth organisations into the field of Christian community service (whether through membership of Toc H or not), and of men and women through Toc H into the service of youth. Members with ideas on the subject are invited to write to the Youth Service Secretary, Alec Churcher, at Toc H Headquarters.

GETTING TOGETHER IN THE M.E.

A Rally

REFERENCE has several times been made in these pages to the Middle East Rally held at Cairo on May 9. Both the Founder Padre and the Hon. Administrator, outward bound for the Far East, had promised to be there on their homeward journey and both kept the appointment. The Middle East *Toc H News Sheet* for June (No. 28) devotes its whole issue of six pages to a report of the event, but we can only give the briefest summary here. There was a wonderful attendance of some 350 men and women, drawn from near and very far—Egypt, North Africa, Cyrenaica, Italy, Malta, Aden, the Sudan, Palestine, Iraq and Persia, even the Gold Coast. Members of forty-two Circles and Groups stood up in turn to be welcomed; the Women's Section and Anglo-Egyptian

Toc H, the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy (Tubby representing it), the Army and Air Force were there.

The Rally began at 2.30 p.m. in the still coolness of the Cathedral Lady Chapel, a quiet time of dedication led by Padre Madoc-Jones, the House Padre of Cairo. After the service the company moved to the Cathedral Hall for three sessions, punctuated by afternoon tea at 4.30, dinner at 7 p.m., and home-going prayers at 9.45. John Miller, with touches of wit, took the chair.

The first session dealt with 'Our Service To-day' and was given to two speakers—Gordon Turvey (Middle East Commissioner) on 'What's happening in the M.E.', and Lako (Hon. Administrator) who followed with 'And the Rest of the World.' (Lako's story of Toc H in India and beyond will be given soon to JOURNAL readers, we hope).



Tubby and Laku on the Platform

The second session took as its subject 'Our Service To-morrow' and the speaker was Padre J. E. Fison, Senior Chaplain to the Forces in Jerusalem. His talk was called 'The New World—The Price of Progress,' and perhaps the straight-forward words on Toc H post-war finance (Toc H Middle East sets itself a target of £300) by the M.E. Registrar, Frank Coleman Cross, was not an unsifting prelude. Padre Fison's talk is fully reported in the Middle East *News Sheet*.

After dinner came the third session on 'Your Part.' It was prefaced with some singing and the Ceremony of Grand Light. Then Tubby took the platform. An amusing introduction brought him to his subject—Service.

"A noble gentleman," he said, "is easy to serve but hard to please; an ordinary gentleman is hard to serve but easy to please. God is austere. In the East He economises—even water. Jesus was easy to serve but hard to please. He said, 'My yoke is easy,' and the true meaning of His words are only understood when you see the old plough team still used in Palestine today. The younger beast is yoked to the old, wise one who allows the young one to take the strain on

the straight but takes the burden himself at the turnings. You must be harnessed to God and unashamed of your essential Toc H task of winning men for Jesus Christ. That must be your job. What have I done to help Toc H in this war? I have only given Communion to men of the Merchant Navy who, but for me, would never have had it."

"It was the silence that made the Upper Room in the Old House what it was; a tremendous silence built Toc H—and to-day the silence of the Ceremony of Light. We are founded on the living Rock, Jesus Christ. If we desert Him Toc H will crash to the ground."

At the end of each session there had been a chance for questions, and the chance was taken. The afternoon, brimful of good things, ended with Family Prayers, led by Bishop A. M. Gelsthorpe. And the company dispersed into a night of soft beauty, with the moon rising behind palm trees, "a fitting close" (they write) "to a day of grand spiritual revival."

A Retreat

The following is taken from a report to the JOURNAL by Sergt. BRENTON J. HALL, Secretary of Cairo Group.

TUBBY left a message behind after a brief visit to various Middle East units—"Get down on your knees." The injunction was obeyed when Bishop Gelsthorpe (Assistant Bishop in Egypt and the Sudan), Gordon Turvey and Don Mawson (Circles Secretary, in succession to Dick Grose) set about arranging a 'Retreat' at All Saints Cathedral, Cairo, on May 27 and 28, the Whit week-end.

The Bishop took for his theme 'The Upper Room,' and all those present (20 to 25 of us) were given two picture postcards of the Upper Room in the Old House at Poperinghe. We were reminded that we had not come to listen to a speaker but to hear God speak to us, to try to catch a glimpse of a vision to which we could look in times to come and so steady ourselves and Toc H.

After a hymn Bishop Gelsthorpe reminded us of the lines of communication and supply between ourselves and God—the first Prayer, the second the word of God, the third and last that of Holy Communion. Another silence, some really heart-felt prayers and another hymn brought the first session to an end. We were already being refreshed.

The large french windows of the room opened on a verandah and the Cathedral garden, with its sweetly scented flowers, so rare in Egypt. Some of us climbed the Cathedral tower and looked down at the wonderful view of the Nile, the Pyramids in the middle distance and Cairo spread out, maplike, at our feet. Tea in the Cathedral Hall followed.

At the second session, which saw one or two new arrivals, the Bishop outlined what he called a mystery play, 'From Bethlehem to Pentecost,' in four acts. With hymn and prayer and silence the session ended.

There was another break and dinner at a long table in the Hall, with plenty of conversation. Ron Alcock, the Pilot of Cairo Group, opened the third session with the Ceremony of Light. Then the Bishop resumed, reminding us that from the first Upper Room Jesus sent out a handful of men to do the impossible—and they succeeded. There was, he said, enough potential, and to spare, in *our* room for doing the same. He gave us ten practical 'tips,' which he had

jotted down in the last war. At the end he sank on to a mattress on the floor to listen, while Ron Alcock led the discussion. Discussion was very lively, centring for a long time on how to develop the 'spiritual side' of Toc H. Everyone opened his heart and all agree that they carried something new away from that quiet day.

Home-going prayers were led by Gordon Turvey, and then the 35 men (for the numbers had further swelled) took tea and cakes together in the Hall.

Next morning, being Whit Sunday, as many as possible made their Communion in their own way, the Free Churchmen under Padre Madoc-Jones in the Chapel of Talbot House. At 11.30 we assembled again for our final session. The Bishop began by a tribute to last night's discussion, the highest level he had ever known among Service men. He interspersed his talk on prayer and effort with prayers and quiet moments. Contact since then with many who were present at this memorable week-end shows that, without exception, they reckoned it well worth while.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

WAR always produces its own journalism, mostly short-lived but of unusual interest. The 'underground press' of the occupied countries takes the place of honour; its story is one of almost unbelievable gallantry. Then come the innumerable Service newspapers and news sheets, some official and some very much the reverse. Why shouldn't we add to these the efforts, duplicated or printed, of Toc H—the "notable contemporaries" of this JOURNAL in war-time? Duplicated foolscap bulletins, full of local news for absent members, reach us from all quarters—from the London Centre, Bristol, Ayrshire, Italy or Durban, for instance. Among printed papers there is the *Toc H War Service News Sheet*, produced by Mrs. Nicholl at H.Q.; No. 8 is now due. The South African *War Work News* (Y.M.C.A. and Toc H) is a neat four-page printed sheet. The Middle East is specially prolific. There is *Light*, the printed journal of Jerusalem Branch, now in its fourth volume; the

Toc H News Sheet, "Tales from Talbot Houses in the Middle East, 1939—?", published in Cairo of which No. 2 has lately reached us; *The Circle, M.E.*, the news sheet of Almaza, Heliopolis and Abbazia Circles, also printed in Cairo. In February appeared the first number of the *Tunis Scouter and Toc H News*, "the official organ of the 1st Tunis (International) Crew and Tunis Toc H team," a gallant effort by a Circle eleven members strong. The latest recruits from the Mediterranean are *Light on the Rock*, the magazine of Toc H Gibraltar, which began in March, and *Toc H Malta News*, first published in May. The peace-time 'national' Toc H magazines—*Link* (Australia), *Lamp* (India), *Compass* (South Africa) and *Mark* (South America)—continue to reach us, with delays, and maintain their old standard. Salute from this old JOURNAL to all this active and optimistic company, old and young members of a tribe of Toc H 'organs' which has come (and often gone) in this last twenty years!

ASLEEP OR AWAKE?—III. Creators All

O Eternal God, Creator unceasing, take and remake us after Thy likeness; that in Thy craftsman's hands we may be tools 'set' for the refashioning of Thy world. Through Him who maketh all things new, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

ON this high note (a prayer written in 1940 by Padre Gerry Harmer) let me try to open the third article of this series. Next month (promising that it shall be positively the final spasm) I shall try to sum up—with one or two brass tacks at last. I cannot claim it, even then, as the conclusion of the whole matter, for my 'concern' is as deep as life itself.

Years ago Edward Carpenter wrote a book called *Civilisation, its Cause and Cure*. If the cause of much that we call—with perverted pride—'modern civilisation' is to be found in the Industrial Revolution, what is the cure? It is an easy and amusing game to find fault with the management of the world and with our neighbours. But diagnosis, even when accurate, is not cure. Destruction may be necessary before construction can begin, but it is the easier part of progress. For destruction, as 'total' war is teaching us, can be instigated by a half-wit and may divert the skill and devotion of millions of ordinary sane men to its fulfilment, while construction, the rebuilding of a broken world, the fashioning of a better one, is a task so immensely more exacting that even the wisest feel their hearts sink when they contemplate it. The pessimists are having a good innings, but I believe that the optimists, when they go in, will win a hard-fought game. To H is on that side; all its faith and determination and skill will be called upon.

First, a word for the Industrial Revolution, for I have blamed much upon it—the 'arid wastes' of our cities (the housing problem); widespread poverty side by side with quick-rich wealth, which is at least an equal evil (the social problem); the use of the many to enrich the few (the industrial problem); the denial to great masses of incentives to seek beauty and gain knowledge (the educational problem); the spread of machinery before we have learnt how to use it, the overwhelming

of craftsmanship by the convenience of mass-production and the tin-can (a whole set of problems, artistic, moral and spiritual). The reign of machinery has long been established; it cannot be dethroned. Industrialisation strides faster and faster to those corners of the world and of our lives it has not yet touched. And in its forward march it has done much service to mankind also. I am no upholder of "the good old days," not a great believer in the "merrie England" of the story books. I look for a "Golden Age"—how very far it seems!—in the future of mankind; I cannot trace its vestiges in the past. And the Industrial Revolution was seen by its makers as a step on the way. It provided work (if too much drudgery) for thousands who had none—as, we are told, it will soon be doing for the famine-ridden millions of China and India. It made accessible to the plain man a thousand conveniences in house-keeping, transport, husbandry and social life; we shall not return to the brazier in exchange for the gas-cooker, or to the mule for the air-liner, to the ox-plough instead of the tractor, to tallow dips in place of electric light. The life of the villein, and even of his lord, in feudal times was far nearer to the brute, the Englishman's home in "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" much fuller of dirt, discomfort and disease than in 19th century industrial Britain. In other words, industry has helped immeasurably to raise all round our 'standard of living.' Where we most have failed is in counting the standards of the body higher than those of mind and spirit.

Children's Toys

If the material benefits and colossal powers of machinery have far outstripped our soul's command over them, the fault is surely not in the machines we have made, but in ourselves. And the remedy lies in ourselves; no one else can deliver us from the bondage of this death. Man is the youngest generation of created animals. We are still children, and we have been given, by the ingenuity of a few clever ones, an astonishing series of

mechanical toys to play with in our wonderful world-nursery. Children, their passions roused, are very apt to smash their toys in a grand orgy of destruction—and that the nations are now doing on the most reckless scale.

But children, given the opportunity and some encouragement, will make rather than break. May I illustrate this from the experience of Professor Cizek? An Austrian teacher, he invited the schoolchildren of a poor quarter of Vienna to use freely a large room he had prepared for them. It was furnished with tables and chairs and all kinds of 'raw materials'—sheets of paper of all sizes and many colours, scissors and paste, paints and brushes, lumps of modelling clay, bits of wood and linoleum, carving and engraving tools. Any child could wander in, pick up any tool and material and try his or her hand or simply watch others at work. Often the Professor would suggest a subject for a picture and hand out sheets of paper of a uniform size to those who asked for them, and thus competition arose. He did not teach drawing, he let them draw and gave advice if asked. In his own words, "Schoolmasters put the lid on, I take it off."

The results were very remarkable. Many children showed a fine native sense of composition or of line or colour or of all three. The designs in coloured paper, made with scissors and paste, often went straight to the point of beauty. The paintings, more ambitious, transmitted a child's own emotion first-hand and sometimes a loveliness of thought and design which are unforgettable. Before the last war a large selection of these works was brought to London, and I am proud of having served on the committee which organised the 'Austrian Children's Exhibition.' It created much attention among artists and educationalists and travelled to various parts of the United Kingdom.

Everyone an Artist

A few of these pictures, in coloured reproduction, are still to be seen among us, though their origin is probably forgotten. For instance, the panel of little children com-

ing to Christ hangs in the Children's Corner of many an English church, and that lovely elfin figure of the small girl with an armful of flowers and the wind blowing through her hair still dominates the window of an English picture shop now and then.

There is one painting I remember both for its own sake and because its history points a moral much needed by us all. It was large, perhaps four feet by two, and it was crowded with smallish figures of children sliding on the ice or snowballing each other in a white landscape. As a composition it had the sort of effect of a hunting or feasting scene by old Pieter Brueghel, in a child's untutored version. The story behind it is that of the flowering of a small boy's mind. Day after day he wandered into the Professor's room, watched others at work and, without finger-ing a tool, wandered disconsolate away; to all the Professor's encouragement he shook his head—he alone was no artist. Suddenly one winter morning he burst in, aglow with excitement. "Give me the largest sheet of paper you have," he said. He sat down before it and in a fine frenzy produced out of hand his first picture, the scene of snow-play which he had watched on his way to the studio. It was not, of course, faultless by any means, but it was completely true, vision heightened and emotion transmitted—a work of art.

Now, our case—in how many millions of instances!—is that small boy's. We wander in and out of the world's great room where others are absorbed in remembering and creating beauty. Half of us are almost unaware of their artist's toil, we do not understand its technique, we do not see much point in its results (unless they provide bedside reading or illustrate a joke or cover a patch over the mantelpiece), it is not for us. And half of us (is it so many?) notice sometimes the artist at work in our midst, wishing, more often than we allow ourselves to formulate the wish, that we too could create something—but we are "no good at that sort of thing," it is not for us; like the little Viennese boy we must go disconsolate away.

But must we, need we go thus idle-handed

through a world of vivid beauty? Will there be no moment of vision, no day that sets our creative mind afire and guides our hand to grasp a tool? "Would God that all the Lord's people" (I quote Moses to speak of Toc H membership now!) "were prophets, that the Lord would put His spirit upon them!"—that is that every one of us might be moved by the Spirit to express himself somehow, to join the ranks of the Creators, for it is a divine office meant for every child of man. Not content merely to be fed with the tinned meats of the mind, the tabloid learning of the newspapers, the knobs and gadgets of mechanical entertainment, let every man jack of us *make* something. It will very rarely be a 'work of art,' such as draws the connoisseur to an exhibition or achieves frozen immortality in a gallery. No matter—so long as it is honestly made with the mingled sweat and joy of mind and hand and finished in the mood of 'divine discontent' which leads to the next effort to go one better. Make music—even if it is only on a mouth organ. Write verses—which won't be printed, even by this JOURNAL, and had perhaps better be burned; then make more. Make a drawing of a coffee pot or a sunrise, of your friend's face and attitude, of flowers and hills and heroes. How do you know, without a lot of trying, that you can't make one? When you study, with envy, the few swift lines with which 'Fougasse' makes you laugh in *Punch*, remember that until he was laid on his back by injuries in the last war and was persuaded by his wife, an artist, to try his hand, he never knew he could draw! Make a model of a ship or a child's engine or a rabbit-hutch that stands foursquare. Make a dress or a garden or a speech or a neatly-jointed joke. But make *something*. "Else" (in Tennyson's question) "wherefore born?"

The Simple Life

Another moral I would make bold to draw from Professor Cizek's experience. His guests in the workroom were all *young* children and *poor* children. He said he found, in most cases, that the real artistic urge and the best capacity of children began to fade at

about the age of fifteen—because they were then succumbing to the pressure of outside influences, factory work, the lure of wages, cheap ready-made amusement, the conventional fashions and uncreative mental standards of their elders; "they become spoilt for my purpose," he said. As for well-to-do children, they were usually spoilt already from childhood, he maintained, by too many possessions, by luxurious surroundings and by toys and pleasures ready-made for their asking. In this grosser, congested soil the fruits of the spirit could not be born from clean and humble seed.

Surely our danger in an immensely rich, complicated, mechanised civilisation is precisely the same. More and more, faster and faster is the modern motto. The diving Typhoon can strike at 500 miles an hour; in a few years, like enough, we shall be able to travel to Peking or the North Pole at 1,000 m.p.h. for an air-liner Cook's tour week-end. After the war, dreams the motor industry, every workman shall drive his own car. Everyone shall have his own television set and be spared the bother of going to the theatre or trying to act himself. A world of labour-saving devices, limitless speed, and short working hours will bring in the millennium. And that picture repels me as much as the old-fashioned one of a Heaven with no shade, only blazing light, and no more work to plan and achieve than eternal harping. Both seem to me a living death, which is just the old-fashioned conception of Hell. Not thus surely is God best served and praised.

As always, Jesus spoke the truth about these things, truth so simple, naked and forthright that men find it hard to believe. "How hardly shall they that have riches" (Cizek's spoilt children, ourselves) "enter into the Kingdom of Heaven!"; "Except ye become as little children" (Cizek's poor children, if you like) "ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Francis of Assisi saw this in a moment of blinding revelation and, passionate Italian as he was, instantly acted upon it by stripping himself to the buff in a public square. He never had cause to

repent of his espousal of Lady Poverty. He did not embrace her as an ugly virago with whom it was a poor sinner's penance to live, but as a figure of God's love, untrammelled, all-sufficing joy. In his own person he proved another of the devastating paradoxes of Jesus (as many a man and woman is proving it again in the hardship of war)—“What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? . . . He that loseth his life shall save it.” And many a man, ‘comfortable’ in the world’s eyes, has looked since then wistfully towards the Little Poor Man of Assisi, and, unable to bring himself to the point of renunciation, has, like the Rich Young Ruler, gone sorrowful away.

But we must come down from the Mount of Transfiguration to the business of everyday living in this tumultuous century. My sister, for many years a teacher in a secondary school, tells me that for quite a number of her girls Monday in peace-time was a lost day. They had been wafted in “the car” to some crowded beach, hundreds of miles there and back, had been filled with expensive food and brought home in time for the last house at the local cinema. They had seen nothing (as vision really goes) and done nothing (as initiative and personal effort means doing); they were bored, on the whole, by a routine and still too tired next day to use their minds. Thank God there are many young people now who have struck out against this deadening convention. Tangled in the impersonal machinery of factory or office all the week, they are reacting strongly against mechanisation in their week-end or holiday leisure; they feel the need to be *persons*, to move under their own steam, to plan and perform at any cost. This is the foundation of the world-wide success, the irresistible attraction of Scouting. May I take another example—because I know it and shall always be proud of having had a share in pioneering its difficult early years in this country—the Youth Hostels? From insignificant beginnings its membership last year, for the first time, topped the 100,000 mark. The figure has no merit in itself, for I distrust ‘mass-movements,’ but it is an indi-

cation of a deep desire for simplicity and a world which is genuine, personal, alive and creative. Many a lad or lass, from workshop or University, whom I have met in a Hostel has told me, with a sparkle of enthusiasm, of his or her discovery: “there is nothing to match it!” In place of the conventional week-end of roast-beef, park and ‘flick,’ the week in a lodging-house at Blackpool or Southend, they have gone exploring into the blue on foot or cycle; they have been lost in woods at nightfall or on mountains in mist; they have picked strange flowers and heard birds sing and surprised a badger at play; they have drunk at brooks and cooked their own supper; they have been soaked to the skin and limped in with a blistered heel; they have walked with toffs and toughs, exchanged greetings with Greeks and Dutchmen; they have cemented the grand comradeship of the road round the fire at dusk and gone to their plain resting bunks full of content. Over a map, by their own will and effort and in company with other adventurers they have *made* something, the memory of which will refresh them later among clattering wheels and office ledgers. The perfect camp or walking tour is imaginative in plan and skilful in execution; it is, in itself, a ‘work of art.’

The ‘Specialist’ Bogey

Every man cannot be a poet, but, as I have said, he should be *poietes* (the Greek word we have transcribed and restricted)—‘a man who can make.’ One real difficulty is that we have so long transcribed and restricted the whole idea of the arts and spelt the result with a capital letter—Art. The artist, the maker, long ago became known as a specialist, practising a rather effeminate mystery which was ‘high-brow’ to the layman; he was even expected to brand himself with long hair, a velvet jacket and loose living, not to mention starving in a garret. His talent was bought by private patrons, often on humiliating terms, as Mæcenas trailed Horace, with his other servants, across the Monte Cassino route of the Eighth Army, or as the terrific Pope Julius crippled Michelangelo by forcing

him to paint a great ceiling as the price of his bread and liberty. Their work has become the sport of auction-room speculators or uneducated 'big-business' magnates like Pierpoint Morgan.

I could quote much about this matter, were there space, from Eric Gill, Christian artist and fervent, if disappointed, prophet of our own times. Read his *Last Essays*, which I mentioned at the opening of this series, or any other of his books.

"Art in Education in the language of to-day," he writes, "doesn't mean the relationship between the human business of making things and the development of the human personality. It means the introduction on to the school curriculum of a special subject called Art . . . Personally I think this is all complete nonsense . . . We don't want children to think of art as being pictures and such. We want them to think of it as the exercise of human skill and imagination in every department of human work. We must therefore attempt to abolish the word except in its

simple sense as meaning 'the well making of what needs making,' and we shall never talk of art, but only of the arts . . .

So, therefore, I say, for the present, let art education rip. Let the children draw—one hour or less, three days a week. Give them a *subject*—just to keep them on the rails. As for instruction, let it be more moral than intellectual. Tell them to be careful and keep their pencils sharp. Tell them not to smudge. Tell them to put down on paper what they really mean and not to scribble. And let the *subject* be as difficult as you like. Nothing is too difficult for the innocent . . .

But don't call it Art—call it drawing (and painting). Art must be abolished—it must, it must, it must."

This is perhaps too vehemently said, but Professor Cizek would say "Hear, hear!" As a text for his argument Eric Gill quotes time and again the saying of an Indian thinker: "*The artist is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of artist.*"

BARCLAY BARON.

TOC H IS BACK IN FRANCE

On July 21, Lieut. F. W. Morgan, Royal Marines, wrote to his father in Surrey; the letter was headed 'Naval Bases in Normandy':

"Just a few lines to let you know of our Toc H progress over here.

We meet every Wednesday and have about fifteen chaps, which includes three Chaplains. An Officer of the R.E.'s called Cooper is Chairman and I act in his absence.

We have been trying to get a building of our own for the usual canteen, rest room and chapel, but almost every brick in the town is in use. The Town Major is trying to get us a place, so we may be lucky soon. There is absolutely nothing for the lads to do in the town, so we are terribly eager and anxious to get something running for them. We have a job on hand at the moment, helping to repair and clean up a partly damaged chapel for an English church. Although the roof is nearly all missing we did have a service there last Sunday evening, a mixed affair for all denominations, with a Scottish Methodist Minister. The R.E.'s have now started repairing the roof but, at present, bad weather is rather holding up the work.

Our weekly meetings we hold in the men's mess at my quarters. We have just started a series of discussions on the Points of the Compass. We thought this rather essential in view of the number of 'pass friends' we have. All of these chaps, about ten in number, met up with Toc H whilst with the 8th Army in North Africa. They are all very keen. There must be thousands of these fellows in the Services now and it looks as though the Movement will rapidly increase its membership strength when this wretched war is,

at last, over. They all seem to have had a very good grounding in the principles of the Movement and I feel that we will be getting some very valuable help.

Some of our members have been in a long time. One, a senior Army Chaplain, whose name is Padre Royle (*formerly Padre of Mark VII, then of West Midlands Area*), spoke to us about 'Building Bravely' last Wednesday. In view of the necessary rebuilding of the post-war world, this led to a most interesting discussion.

Our efforts at cleaning up the chapel led to the usual abandonment of rank. Myself and a Naval W.O. were scrubbing one part of the deck with a L/Cpl. and a Sapper alongside us. Among the party we had a Jew, and he himself remarked on the fact that there are very few Jews in the world who have helped to scrub the floor of a Christian Church!

We are keeping our membership down at the moment until we can get our own quarters. Given a building, I feel certain that we can do a good job here. Anyhow, Toc H is back in France once more . . ."

We are left to guess where our first unit in reconquered France is at work. We shall probably soon know, for the team of Toc H men and women, long on tip-toe for the Western Front, are already on the move. The advance party—Arthur Edgar (Commissioner), Paul Webb (Notts. and Derby Area Padre) and Charles Young (Lakeland Area Secretary) landed before Paris was liberated; others are now following. Alongside the troops, Toc H thus stages its 'come-back.'

TOC H ON THE BURMA COAST

Readers will remember the broadcast, reprinted in the April JOURNAL, of Richard Sharp, B.B.C. War Correspondent in the Far East, giving an enthusiastic eye-witness description of the Toc H Rest Camp at Elephant Point on the Arakan coast of Burma. Our frontispiece gives an idea of its amenities. As we have already reported, that camp of bamboo 'bashas' (huts), cut out of the jungle within sound of the guns, was not usable in the monsoon. Its staff and furniture has since been moved farther up the coast to Maungdaw.

We have now heard that Len Scarfe, late of East London Area and a member of the Central Executive, has been attached by the Army to Toc H for war service, and he has joined Arthur Servante, an admirable leader, who made his mark among the troops round Elephant Point, at Maungdaw. This report, written by Len, has just reached us.

THE noise of battle often disturbed the peace of the Old House at Poperinghe during the Great War, and in this Greater War there stands another Talbot House which is within earshot of the front line and where a noisy time is had by all.

This house was opened on June 1, in the most substantial building available in Maungdaw. It carries many scars of battle. Half the ceilings are missing; the other half stay up more by luck than judgment, and when it rains (as it often does) the water runs out at the most unexpected places, through bullet holes in the drainpipes. But thanks largely to unstinted support from the Army authorities, an encouraging start has been made.

The house is in two parts, one for British forces and, because this is a predominantly Indian division, the other for Indian troops.

In the British part the canteen supplies cups of tea, "just like mother used to make it," and sandwiches sometimes more like sandwich-boards—both are bought by the dozen. It leads into the lounge where much of the very comfortable furniture which made Elephant Point famous is to be seen. In one corner a gramophone, with a very mixed bag of records, discourses music for all tastes. Two brave men have been known to cause intense agony to everyone else present by playing 'Home, sweet Home.'

Farther on is our writing-room and library—an imposing collection of books, many of which are taken round to forward units rarely able to get out of the line. Next door is the Warden's Room, where many odd questions are asked and willing hearts and

minds attempt to satisfy visitors.

Finally, in the centre of the building is the Chapel, furnished and carpeted with quiet dignity. It is always open to those who desire to use it. Services are held in it on Sunday mornings and evenings, and Padres have expressed their pleasure at finding a 'Quiet Room' in this area, for it provides a marked change to a battlefield or 'basha.'

At present the activities of the House have to be confined to the hours of daylight, and many items we might have organised have not yet been possible. A happy moment saw the arrival of a Major who happened to be visiting the area for a few hours and heard that Toc H was in operation. He proved to be a very old member from the North of England. He was able to stay long enough to yarn about old friends and to use our Chapel.

Near Talbot House is a cinema run by the Army Film Unit. A novelty in the shows is the interval for reel changing; between each reel the doors are flung open to allow fresh air in, and the sun seems to laugh down on the 'mad Englishmen.' During the performance the men, down for a few hours from engaging the Japs, are told that "Toc H will be open for tea, cold drinks and sandwiches at the end of the show," and a long perspiring queue soon gathers. Serving them before they have to get back to their lorries is a hectic rush, but we feel that any effort for these men returning to their dangerous posts is worth while. It is a privilege for us to be at work in this increasingly important area of Burma.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

ATKINSON.—Killed in action at Caen, LESLIE CLIFFORD ATKINSON, a member of St. George's (Services) Group. Elected 23.2.'43.

BEADMAN.—Killed in action in the Central Mediterranean on May 16, H. BEADMAN, Cpl., aged 28, a founder member of Appleby-cum-Stretton Group. Elected 7.6.'34.

BERAT.—Probably in April, in Belgium, RENÉ BERAT, faithful steward of Talbot House, Poperinghe, since 1929. (See below).

BUCHANAN.—Killed in action in the Pacific on January 30, 1943, CAMPBELL HOWARD BUCHANAN, Ldg. Sigm., R.N.Z.N.V.R., of Port Chalmers, New Zealand, posthumously awarded the American Navy Cross for gallantry. Elected 26.9.'41.

GARDENER.—Killed in action in the Mediterranean Area, W. GARDENER, Cpl., East Surrey Regt., a member of Canterbury Branch. Elected July, 1941.

GRAY.—On July 13, CHARLES HENRY GRAY, M.M., a member of North Petherton Branch. Elected 21.3.'33.

IRVINE.—In Stalag IV A (Res. Laz. 742), Germany, as a Prisoner of War, JACK IRVINE, Jobmaster of Elsterhorst Group. Elected 1943.

JONES.—On January 19, HUGH JONES, a member of Pwllheli Branch. Elected 1.5.'39.

KEFFORD.—Killed in action in Normandy in July, ERIC W. KEFFORD, Lieut., Beds. and Herts. Regt., late Chairman of Biggleswade Branch. Elected 21.2.'34.

MCINTYRE.—On July 13, WILLIAM LEWIS MCINTYRE, aged 76, a member of Farnborough Branch. Elected June, 1925.

MATHER.—On August 1, NATHANIEL MATHER, a founder member of Barton-on-Humber Branch. Elected 19.9.'29.

MITCHELL.—Killed in action in Normandy in June, NORMAN FRANCIS MITCHELL, Somerset Light Infantry, a member of Bridgwater Branch. Elected 14.12.'37.

NASH.—Previously reported missing, now killed in action, DENNIS NASH, Sergt., R.A.F. Elected 13.8.'40.

PARKER.—In June, E. CHARLES PARKER, aged 74, a member of Llandudno Branch. Elected 26.9.'32.

PINNOCK.—In June, VICTOR GEORGE PINNOCK, a member of Bridgwater Branch. Elected 7.2.'39.

RICHARDS.—Lost at sea on June 8, ROY RICHARDS, Lieut.-Commander, R.N., a member of Moseley Branch.

SCOTT.—Killed in action in Normandy on June 9, WILLIAM ALLAN SCOTT, a member of Newburn Group. Elected 3.2.'39.

SMITH.—On July 26, GEORGE SMITH, aged 61, a member of Green Street Green Branch. Elected 9.7.'35.

STOTT.—On active service in Normandy in July, WILLIAM STOTT, Pte., Lancashire Fusiliers, a member of Heywood Group. Elected 12.10.'39.

TREND.—Missing, believed killed in action, OLIVER ('Nol') TREND, a hosteller of Mark V, Southampton.

WEBBER.—On July 3, MERVYN ROBERT HOWE WEBBER, Lt. Col., O.B.E., aged 68, a member of Mold Branch. Elected 13.6.'33.

Correction

BROWN.—We much regret that the wrong initials were given last month to PETER JACKSON BROWN, Secretary of Weymouth Branch.

LOWER.—We much regret that the name of R. J. LOWER, of Falmouth Branch, was printed as 'Tower' in last month's JOURNAL.

In Memoriam : René Berat

Thousands of members of Toc H and the Women's Section will remember René, who with his devoted wife, Alida (mispronounced by us 'Olida'), had been the Host and Hostess of the Old House in Poperinghe ever since 1929, when, through the generosity of the late Lord Wakefield, it came again into the possession of Toc H. They will read with deep and heartfelt sorrow the following Red Cross message, dated April 25, 1944, recently received from Alida :

"René dead. I very unfortunate, alone in the world. Glad to have news, always thinking of you and all the friends, also Paul, compliments to all friends."



René and Alida at Talbot House, the last picture, taken in July, 1939, by George Moore (Saffron Walden).

René, by trade a shoemaker, during the last war sold all sorts of food and articles of clothing and comforts, and was renowned throughout the troops in and around Poperinghe for fair prices, good measure, kindness and friendliness to all. At the end of the war he and his wife bought a small house in the Rue d'Ypres, where they intended to spend the rest of their lives. When the Old House came back to us Barkis and I interviewed a number of applicants for the post of caretakers, and eventually, on the recommendation of Alex Paterson who had been billeted on them during the last war, we were lucky enough to be able to persuade René and

Alida to accept the post. We have never had cause to regret our decision, for their honesty, conscientiousness, loyalty and interest never wavered. They became deeply interested in Toc H and all its ideals and work, and were beloved by all who knew them. My own very frequent visits to the Old House throughout those years enabled me to know them intimately, and if space allowed I could tell many stories of their untiring devotion. The beauty and success of the Old House garden owed much to René's hard work, and his pride in the flowers and trees gladdened one's heart. I saw the pair last in April, 1940, shortly before the German invasion, when I said goodbye to them with much misgiving in my heart as to what was to come.

I had interchanged Red Cross messages with them periodically since the beginning of this war, and, though I knew that he had been ill, the news that René had passed on, to leave his dear wife alone in her world of sorrow, has moved me, as it will many thousands all over the world, and prompted me to send a message of deep sympathy to Alida on behalf of us all.

'We will remember him.'

PAUL SLESSOR.

For Paul Rhodes

Who gave his life off the shores of North Africa.

So swift and silently he moves abroad,
Like the far echo of a dead desire;
Pressing no footprints where his feet have trod,
Casting no shadow from the moon's white fire.

High in the vaulted ceilings of my mind
His voice steals whispering, echoing end to end,
Soft as the voiceless whisper of the wind,
Like some remembrance of a long-loved friend.

Beauteous as radiant air around a star,
His undiscerned face glows on my brow,
Lighting with formless beauty from afar
Freedom this shattered form denies me now—

So in expectant peace I draw each breath
And wait for the enfolding arms of Death.

SEAN HERRON.

(Paul Rhodes was the son of Jack Rhodes, Deputy Chairman of the West Yorkshire Area).